I'M
TURNING GRAY,
DEAR KATE.

Time's hand is even there, sweet Kate,
    Yet let the sign remain,
It gives me no regretful throb,
    Nor should it yield thee pain :
'Tis very white I grant thee, Kate,
    Yet pluck it not I pray,
Why should thy loving heart regret
    That I am turning gray?
Your lustres, too, have ta'en their flight,
    Since thou and I first met,
And darken'd moons have sped since then,
    And murky suns have set :
Yet light from that warm heart of thine
    Has been around my way,
And with so dear a guide and friend,
    I would again turn gray.

CHORUS :   'Tis very white I grant thee, Kate,
                Yet pluck it not I pray,
                Why should thy loving heart regret
                That I am turning gray?

The wife may view with unconcern,
    Time's signet on the brow,
Who never gave the wearer's heart
    A single throb of woe ;
And if angelic worth, sweet Kate,
    Might keep the curl at bay,
Time ne'er had placed in triumph there,
    His banneret of gray.
Then let the stranger live, sweet Kate,
    Amid its neighbors dark,
Until they, too, in time shall pale
    Beneath the spoiler's mark.

Cho. :   'Tis very white I grant thee, Kate, &c.